My ſhame, thy name, and husbands ſecret wrong,
All maimd and ſtaind by youths vnruly ſway.
And when thou know'ſt from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'ſt what ſuites, what threats, what feares,
To moone by loue, or maſſacre by death.
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.
The mightineſſe of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That ſomething may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me ſo much:
Vpraid me rather with the Romane dame,
That ſhed her blood to waſh away her ſhame.
Why ſtand I to expoſtulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* father was a Princes ſonne,
Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honours loſſe left me with child of thee:
Whoſe ſonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire King *Richard* was thy noble Father.
Phil. Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wiſh thee ioy,
My ſire a King, and I a landleſſe boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's ſomething owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marry Sir, let me alone for game,
Ile act ſome wonders now I know my name.
By bleſſed *Mary* Ile not ſell that pride
For Englands wealth, and all the world beſide.
Sit faſt the proudeſt of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *the French King, and* Lewis, Limoges, Conſtance, *and her ſonne* Arthur.

King. Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur* in the Albion territories,
Skaeing proud *Angiers* with a puiſſant ſiege:

Braue

Braue *Auſtria*, cauſe of *Cordelions* death,
Is come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right,
And, but for cauſes of great conſequence,
Pleading delay till newes from England come,
Twice ſhould not *Titan* hide him in the Weſt,
To coole the fet-locks of his weary teame,
Till I had with an vnreſiſted ſhocke
Controld the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forfet of my fame to Chaunce.
Conſt. May be that *Iohn* in conſcience or in fe
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will ſend ſuch calme conditions backe to *France*
As ſhall debate the edge of fearefull warres:
If ſo, forbearance is a deede well done.
Arth. Ah mother, poſſeſſion of a Crowne is n
And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported of,
For preſent vantage would aduenture farre.
The world can witneſſe, in his brothers time,
He tooke vpon him rule, and almoſt raigne:
Then muſt it follow as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l reſigne the rule vnto his Nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares, as threates of no eſteeme,
And ſooner would he ſcorne *Europa's* power,
Than looſe the ſmalleſt title he enioyes;
For queſtionleſſe he is an Engliſhman.
Lewis. Why, are the Engliſh peereleſſe in cor
Braue Caualiers as ere that Iſland bred,
Haue liu'd, and di'd, and dar'd, and done enoug
Yet neuer grac'd their countrey for the cauſe:
England is England, yeelding good and bad,
And *Iohn* of Englaud is as other *Iohns*.
Truſt me young *Arthur*, if thou like my reed,
Praiſe thou the French that helpe thee in this n
Lymog. The Engliſhman hath little cauſe I t
To ſpend good ſpeeches on ſo proud a foe.